

HORROR

TERRIFYING! STARTLING! SUSPENSE!

SEPT. 1952

NO. 7



10¢

STRANGE

MYSTERIES



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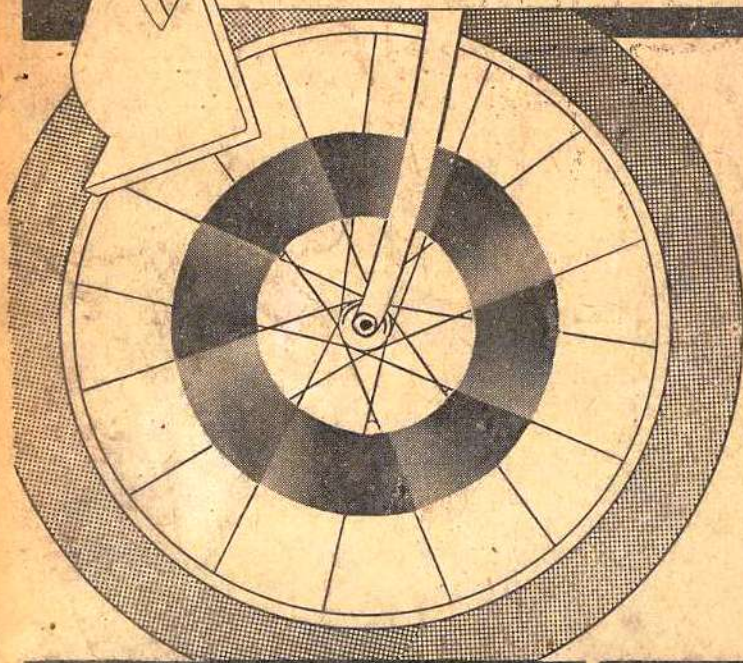
DEATH...GOING UP!
KISS of the Vampire
CORPSE in the VAT
FIT TO DIE



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KISS of the Vampire

SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL I ALMOST FORGOT OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS PURELY BUSINESS... OR SHOULD I SAY DEADLY BUSINESS! SO I DISCOVERED THE HARD WAY THAT BEAUTY IS SOMETIMES ONLY SKIN AND BONES DEEP!



WHEN I LOOK BACK AT IT NOW I STILL GET A CHILL, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS ASKING FOR WHEN I WALKED INTO MY CHIEF AND ASKED FOR AN ASSIGNMENT THAT WAS WAY OUT OF MY LINE - BUT I HAD AN EYE ON A PROMOTION, AND...

MISSING PERSONS ALWAYS INTERESTED ME, SIR, AND I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS ON THIS CASE...

WHAT CASE? WE HAVE NOTHING OFFICIAL HERE, TALBOT!

THE FACT REMAINS THAT EVERYTIME THE COUNTESS TANYA MEETS A NEW BEAU, HE DISAPPEARS FOR KEEPS...







AWFULLY
QUIET FOR
A PARTY!





I PLAYED ALONG WITH HER! BUT SOMETHING WAS VERY WRONG—HER LIPS WERE COLD AS DEATH...

DARLING! KISS ME! HOLD ME TIGHT! LIKE THIS!

FUNNY! I SHOULD BE ENJOYING THIS, BUT...

SUDDENLY I FELT SICK AND DIZZY! MY BRAIN REELED...

UGH! MY HEAD—SPINNING SO!

POOR LAMB! TANYA'S KISS IS TOO MUCH!



I COLLAPSED ON A SOFA...

GOODBYE FOR NOW, MY DEAR! I WILL RETURN!

MUST REST! SO SICK!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT! I REMEMBER THAT WHEN I CAME TO I WAS DEATHLY AFRAID—I HAD TO GET OUT OF THAT PLACE—



S—SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT THAT WOMAN! HER KISS MADE ME SICK!



HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'M SCARED!

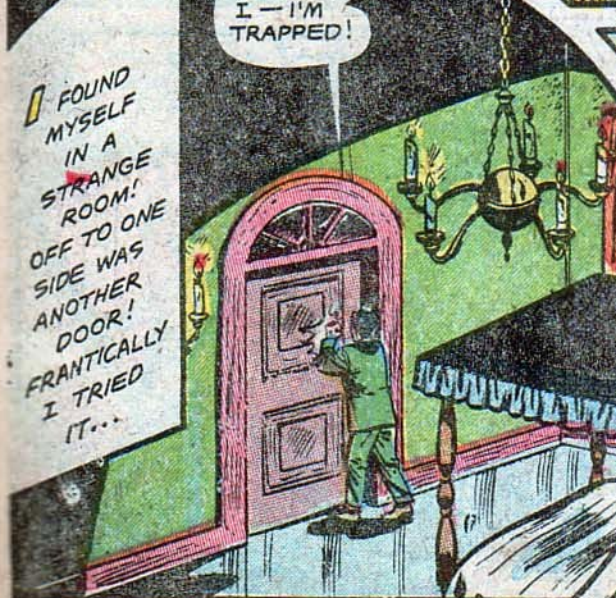
I'LL GO BACK TO THE CABIN AND CALM DOWN A BIT! THINK WHAT TO DO!



BUT SHE WAS SUDDENLY THERE...

NOT LEAVING ME, BILL? I CAN'T LET YOU GO YET!

COUNTLESS!





AGAIN I FELT THAT STRANGE FUTILITY! SHE HAD CAST SOME EVIL SPELL THAT PARALYZED MY WILL TO RESIST...

NOW, MY LOVER!

OH—I—I...



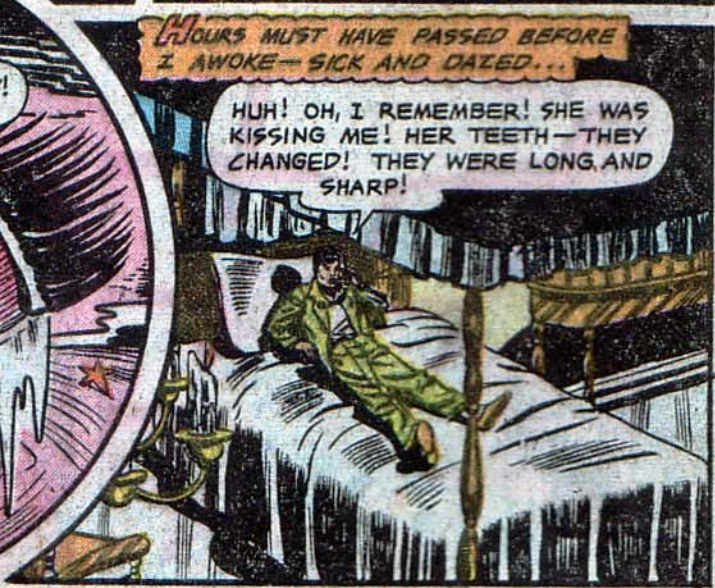
YOU WILL LOVE ME ALSO! I COMMAND IT! YOU BELONG TO ME NOW!

Y—YES, I AM YOURS! I WILL OBEY, TANYA!



DOWN I WENT INTO A GREAT WHIRLING BLACK POOL OF TERROR...

I'M LOST! LOST!



HOURS MUST HAVE PASSED BEFORE I AWOKE—SICK AND DAZED...

HUH! OH, I REMEMBER! SHE WAS KISSING ME! HER TEETH—THEY CHANGED! THEY WERE LONG AND SHARP!



TWO LITTLE WOUNDS ON MY THROAT! SHE'S A VAMPIRE! THERE'S NO OTHER ANSWER!



THE DOOR LEADING UPSTAIRS WAS LOCKED—SO I TRIED THE OTHER ONE AGAIN...

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE—FAST!

THE DOOR OPENED
AT MY TOUCH...

O-DEAD MEN! CORPSES!
SHE MUST PRESERVE
THEM SOME WAY!

DRESSED FOR THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY, TOO! BEEN DEAD ALL
THIS TIME! UGH— SO PALE AND
DRIED UP!



BEHIND ME CAME
A SOUND...

YOU
AGAIN!

YES, DEAR! I
SEE YOU HAVE
FOUND MY
LITTLE
SECRET!

NO MATTER! ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE MY LOVERS OF
THE PAST! ALL DEAD NOW!
THEY WERE ALL SO HANDSOME
AND VIRILE— ONCE!



HER SPELL BOUND ME AGAIN LIKE EVIL ROPES OF
SIN...

COME, NOW! WE
HAVE TALKED
TOO LONG!

YES, TANYA!
ANYTHING YOU
SAY!

T—THAT
EMPTY
TABLE!

FOR YOU, OF
COURSE! BUT NOT
UNTIL LATER—
AFTERWARDS!
HAH—HAH!



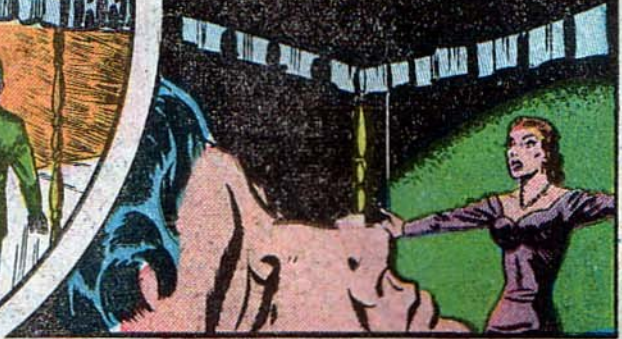


REST NOW!
I WILL NOT
LEAVE YOU!

YES! I
AM SO
TIRED!

LISTEN TO ME, BILL! BECAUSE THIS
TIME YOU WILL NOT AWAKEN! I WILL
PUT YOU IN THE ROOM WITH THE
OTHERS!

I KNOW!



BUT
SUDDENLY
A WEIRD
TRANS-
FORMATION
TAKES
PLACE...

UHHH—I'VE WAITED TOO
LONG! I NEED FOOD,
NOURISHMENT! AT ONCE!



AND HERE IT IS!
THE BLOOD OF
HANDSOME YOUNG
MEN ALWAYS
RESTORES MY
YOUTH!



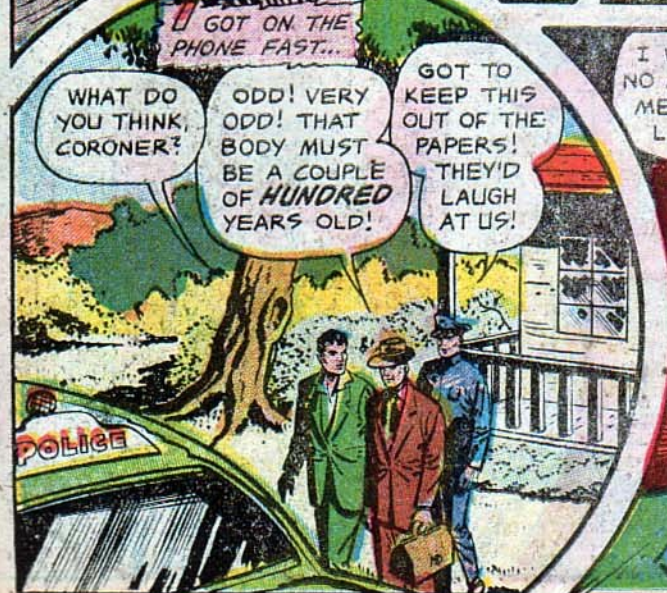
SHE HAD BECOME A LOATHSOME HAG, BUT SOME
OF HER POWER SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED...

I—I CAN
THINK AGAIN!
HER SPELL
IS WEAKER!

COME! DO NOT TRY
TO ESCAPE! I NEED
BLOOD! **BLOOD!**

NO! YOU
FILTHY
HAG!





CORPSE in the VAT

OUT OF EVIL-SMELLING VATS THEY CAME — CORPSES HEADED FOR THE BONE PILE, BUT INTENT FIRST ON A HORRIBLE VENGEANCE! AND A MAN WHO HAD MURDERED LOVE FACED HIS OWN DEATH WITH AN EERIE SCREECH AS HE FOUND THAT CADAVERS CAN KILL...



LEONARD WARREN, YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT, GOES ABOUT HIS WORK...

GLAD I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR JOB, WARREN!

OH, I DON'T MIND HANDLING DEAD BODIES!

CADAVERS DON'T BOTHER ME! BEING WITH ROSE AFTERWARD MAKES ME FORGET!



LATER,
IN CLASS...

WATCH CLOSELY, PLEASE!
I'M GOING TO TRACE THIS
NERVE TO ITS MAJOR
GANGLIA!

WISH CLASS
WAS OVER!

YES,
SIR!

I LIKE TO DISSECT, BUT
TONIGHT I'M NERVOUS! I
FEEL FUNNY, AS THOUGH
SOMETHING IS GOING TO
HAPPEN!

LATER, AS WARREN APPROACHES
THE HOME OF ROSE STANTON...

IT WILL BE GOOD TO SEE
ROSE TONIGHT! MAYBE SHE'LL
STOP STALLING AND AGREE TO
MARRY ME RIGHT AWAY!

BUT...

I LOVE YOU, ROSE!
BUT HOW ABOUT
WARREN?

NEVER
MIND
ABOUT
HIM!

ROSE
WITH
ANOTHER
MAN!

FOR
HOURS
WARREN
WALKS
THE
STREET...

I WON'T LET
HER GO! I
CAN'T! I LOVE
HER TOO MUCH!
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

NO! OH—ROSE!
AND I THOUGHT...

I'LL MARRY YOU
ANYTIME YOU SAY,
DEAREST!

ROBE

SO THE NEXT NIGHT...



SOON... NO ONE AROUND! AND A PERFECT PLACE TO HIDE A BODY! SOON SHE'LL BE IN A MILLION PIECES! NO ONE CAN IDENTIFY HER!



GOODBYE, MY LOVE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT— BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT MYSELF!



DAYS PASS AS LEONARD WARREN HAUNTS THE CADAVER ROOM! AFRAID FOR LEAVE THAN A FEW MINUTES! YET HE CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO DISSECT THE BODY OF ROSE...

I SHOULD DISSECT ROSE— CUT HER UP AT ONCE! DANGEROUS TO LEAVE HER IN THE CADAVER ROOM! BUT I CAN'T—I JUST CAN'T!



FINALLY...

G—GOT TO SLEEP! CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN ANY LONGER!



THEY TAKE ROSE'S BODY...

WHILE HE SLEEPS...

LET'S GET OUR OWN CADAVER! NO USE DISTURBING WARREN!

YEAH! I NEED A NEW ONE FOR THE NEXT CLASS!

WONDER WHO THE BABE WAS?

SHAME TO CUT THIS ONE UP! SHE WAS A KNOCKOUT!



LATER...

OH, I'M STILL SLEEPY!
BUT I'D BETTER HAVE
A LOOK AT ROSE!



G-GONE!



WHAT'S
HIS
HURRY?

MUST HAVE
A SPECIAL
DATE!

ROSE! THEY'LL CUT
HER UP! NO ONE MUST
DO THAT BUT ME!
AND MAYBE SOMEONE
W-WILL RECOGNIZE
HER!



BUT...

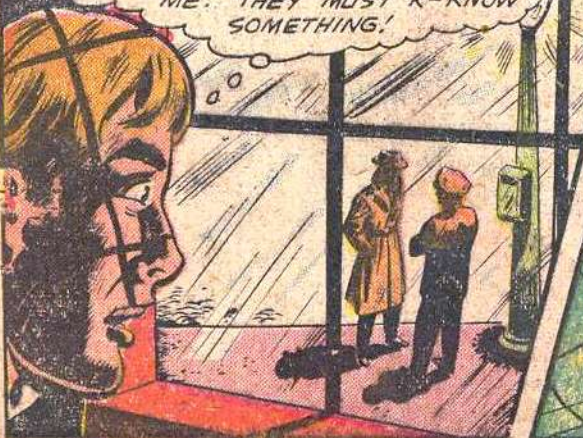
S-SAFE! CLASS MUST
HAVE ENDED EARLY!



WARREN KEEPS A LONELY, FEAR-HAUNTED
VIGIL! AND THEN...

A COP! AND THAT OTHER MAN—
THE DETECTIVE THAT QUESTIONED
ME! THEY MUST K-KNOW
SOMETHING!

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT I'VE GOT
TO DO IT NOW! I'LL HAVE TO
CUT UP YOUR LOVELY BODY,
DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!



A SHOCK OF TERROR AS...

DON'T CUT ME UP, PLEASE!
YOU LOVED ME ONCE! PLEASE
DON'T...

HUH! ROSE
T-TALKING!



GAAA-EEEEEEEEEE-

I STILL LOVE
YOU, LEONARD!
ONLY DON'T
MUTILATE
ME!



COME BACK, DARLING!
KISS MY COLD LIPS!
HOLD ME TIGHT!

G-GOING
CRAZY!



I DIDN'T MIND! I
HAVEN'T WORKED FOR
A LONG TIME! USED
TO BE THE BEST
VENTRILOQUIST
IN SHOW BIZ!

THANKS, CARDINO!
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN FUN HIDING
IN THAT PLACE!

YES—OUR
PLAN WORKED!

DEAD
AS A
MACKEREL!

LATER...



THE
END



SHORT STEPS TO DEATH



By Paul Oren

JANE MORGAN watched the train puff away with a strange sense of desolation. Suddenly, unaccountably, she found herself wishing that she were back aboard it instead of waiting on the lonely station platform for Roland Bennett. The whistle of the train came back to her, a mournful sound in the deepening twilight. Then it rounded a bend and was gone, leaving only a pale wisp of smoke against the dusky sky. Jane shivered and gathered her tweed coat about her against the mountain chill. Really, she thought, if I had known it was going to be like this I wouldn't have taken the job. It's so lonely. So spooky! Still a job was a job, even now, and a girl did not get a chance to become the personal secretary of a famous writer every day.

She heard the car approaching then. Its lights were yellow eyes glaring at her, picking her out of the dark. That would be Roland Bennett now.

The car stopped before the platform and Jane saw, with a little gasp of annoyance, that it was not Roland Bennett at all. It was a woman, an elderly woman wrapped in a stained coat, her graying hair straggling around a sharp face. The woman leaned from the car and spoke: "Are you Jane Morgan?"

Jane picked up her suitcase. "Yes. Are you from Mr. Bennett?"

The woman nodded curtly. "Put your things in the back, please. Mr. Bennett sent me for you. He is ill and couldn't come."

The woman did not speak again until they were well away from the station, driving along a narrow dirt road that wound up into the hills. It was fully dark now, and the bare trees lining the road were like black skeletons. Jane could not resist a comment.

"It's so lonely up here, so desolate. Why does a man like Mr. Bennett live in a deserted place like this?"

The woman glanced at her sharply. "He has his reasons. Good reasons, too." She was silent for a moment, then added: "I don't suppose it would do any good to give you advice, Miss Morgan, but I'm going to."

Jane looked at her in surprise. "Advice?"

"Yes. Simply this. Go back. Now, tonight. Say the word and I'll drive you back to the station. There's another train in a few hours."

Jane could not keep the amazement from her voice. "Why on earth should I do that? Mr. Bennett asked me to come here and

work for him. He's paying me a good salary . . ."

"I know all that." The woman drove on, looking straight ahead. Her voice was harsh. "Just the same you had better go back. This is no place for a pretty young girl."

Jane shook her head slowly. She didn't like mystery. In fact, she didn't like this woman. "No," she said. "I came here because I needed the job. I'm not going back until, and unless, Mr. Bennett himself fires me."

The woman's laugh was like the baying of a wolf. "Fire you, eh? Hah — he'll never do that."

Jane said: "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Mr. Bennett's housekeeper. I've been with him for years. I know all about him."

A HEAD OF them now loomed a large house, built back away from the road. Yellow squares of light from the windows showed Jane a great lawn dotted with more barren trees. The house was old, with many turrets and gables, and a veranda running around two sides.

The woman turned into a driveway and stopped the car. She leaned toward Jane just before she got out. Her whisper was like the hiss of a snake. "If you won't go back, be careful. Stay in your room at night. I can't tell you any more than that now. And don't mention this conversation to Mr. Bennett. He wouldn't like it."

In the next two days Jane almost forgot the peculiar behavior of the woman. Roland Bennett, tall and handsome, with a mane of graying hair, kept her too busy for speculation. He dictated for hours on end, preparing one of the novels of the supernatural for which he was famous. The title of the book was *The Ghostly One*, and the contents made Jane shiver. She thought she understood now why the writer lived in such a lonely spot. For inspiration, of course. Once, when she mentioned this, Bennett looked at her and smiled his odd smile.

"No doubt you're right," he admitted. "It does help, though I never really thought of it that way." He hesitated, then added, "There are other reasons, too. Maybe some day I'll explain them to you."

All this time the housekeeper was like a ghost around the house. Jane saw her in the halls, in the kitchen, always noiseless. As if she were waiting for something, Jane

thought. Or watching! She decided, more than ever, that she didn't like Mrs. Simkins. Finally, on impulse, Jane told Bennett of the woman's strange warning. Bennett did not seem surprised.

"I should have told you," he said. "She is, well, to be frank she's a little insane. Harmless, of course. I suppose I should do something about it, send her to an institution of some sort, but I haven't the heart. She's been with me for almost twenty years now. And here, in this wilderness, she can't possibly harm anyone."

It seemed a plausible enough explanation. Jane would have accepted it without question had she not, at the moment, glanced up from making a correction. Her eyes met his and she felt a strange shock of fear. His eyes had a burning intensity about them. They seemed to be devouring her, piercing her through and through. The moment was brief enough, because Bennett looked away quickly, but the damage to Jane's nerves was done. She began to think that she liked Roland Bennett no better than she liked his housekeeper.

Another thing that puzzled her, though not in the same way, was the way Bennett walked. He was tall, well over six feet, yet he walked with a teetering stiffness as though having trouble keeping his balance. And he walked no more than he absolutely had to. Jane shrugged this off as just another strange thing about this strangest of houses, yet she felt that she would be glad when the job was done and she could get away.

THE PICTURE in the drawer really frightened her. She had gone into Bennett's study for a forgotten article and found his desk drawer open. There, in the drawer, was a picture of herself. As Jane gazed at it, wondering and fearful, the realization came that it could not possibly be her picture. She hadn't had a picture taken for years. No — it was the picture of a girl that looked enough like her to be her twin. By the clothes the picture had been taken some twenty years ago. Jane stared at it, feeling little cold shivers up and down her spine. Then, behind her, she heard someone breathing softly. She whirled with a little cry.

"You've found it, I see," said the housekeeper. She was glaring at Jane. "Now put it back and get out of this house before it's too late. Hurry, you fool."

When Jane still hesitated, open mouthed, the woman went on. "Look. Try to understand. It's not me that's crazy — it's Bennett. That's the picture of his wife you have there. He loved her — and murdered her. Ever since he's been looking for a girl who

looks like her. You! Why do you think he brought you here, out of all the secretaries in the country?"

"No," said Jane. "Oh, no!"

The woman's eyes blazed. "Fool. I say yes. I ought to know. I love him, you see. I've loved him all my life, even though he treats me like a dog. I know all about him. Listen, if I tell you the truth, all about him, will you go then?"

Jane's head was reeling. She nodded dumbly. "All right," the woman snapped. "His legs . . ."

Behind her came the voice of Roland Bennett. "That won't be necessary, Mrs. Simpkins. She can see for herself. She may as well know now as later, since it really makes no difference. Look at me, Jane."

Jane looked and felt horror shudder in her brain. Roland Bennett was a freak of nature. The face was the same, as were the shoulders and the brawny chest, but now he was only four feet high. His legs, revealed in a pair of grotesque black tights, were the legs of a *four-year-old child*. He toddled into the room, grinning like some infant monster.

Jane shrank back against a wall, mouth open for a scream that would not come. The man advanced toward her, waddling and grinning. "You see," he snickered. "Now two people in the world know my secret, beside myself. It's done with artificial legs, you see. Straps and harness and aluminum — and I hate them. I like to take them off, to be myself." He stopped and looked at Jane. "Do I revolt you, darling? Do I make your blood run cold, as I say in my books? If I do I'm sorry, because I love you. I'm going to marry you, Jane. After all this time, after years of searching, I've found the image of my beloved dead wife . . ."

Jane screamed then. "No! Please — let me out of here!"

Roland Bennett shook his head. From his coat pocket he took a large knife. His face was sad. The little legs wobbled as he came closer. "I was afraid of that," he said. "I knew you wouldn't like me. So now I'll have to kill you, the way I did her."

Jane closed her eyes, powerless to move, waiting for the fiery bite of the knife. Instead she heard a gasping sound, then a thud. She opened her eyes, saw Roland Bennett on the floor, his shrunken legs beating in death agony. From his back protruded a large paper knife. The housekeeper stood over the dying man, looking down with eyes in which tears glistened.

Jane ran, screaming, from the house. The wind was blowing, but even over its din she could hear the wails coming from the house as Mrs. Simpkins mourned her dead love.

DEATH... GOING UP!



FOUR PEOPLE DRAWN TO A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE END! WHO OR WHAT WAS IT THAT WAITED FOR THEM IN THE LOBBY OF AN ORDINARY OFFICE BUILDING? FINALLY THEY KNEW—WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE— THAT THEY HAD BEEN CHOSEN FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH DOOM...



NUMBER ONE—J.P. HUNTINGTON, WEALTHY OIL TYCOON...

YES, MR. HUNTINGTON!



THIS WAY, MR. HUNTINGTON!



MEANTIME
NUMBER
THREE—
NAILS
MAGLIN,
RACKETEER,
IS ON
THE WAY...

I DON'T LIKE
THIS MESSAGE
STUFF, BOSS.
MIGHT BE A
RUB-OUT!

AWW—SHADDUP!
AIN'T I CHASED
EVERY CHISELING
HOOD OUT OF
TOWN!

THIS IS IT,
BOSS! BUT I
STILL DON'T
LIKE IT! LOOKS
LIKE A TRAP
SURE!

I SAID SHUT
UP! AIN'T
NOBODY GOT
THE NERVE TO
KNOCK OFF
NAILS MAGLIN.



HEY! ANYBODY
AROUND? I'M
NAILS MAGLIN!
I GOT A
MESSAGE...

THIS WAY,
MR. MAGLIN!



YA SAY THIS
PARTY IS
WAITING
UPSTAIRS?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.
YOU'LL BE WITH
HIM IN A FEW
MINUTES.



BUT AS THE MINUTES PASS...

HEY, YOU! WHAT GOES ON? YA
TRYING TO GO THROUGH THE
ROOF OR SOMETHING? TURN
AROUND OR I'LL BLAST
YA...

CERTAINLY,
SIR!



HUH! NO—IT CAN'T BE!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!



**DAYS LATER
AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...**

SO YOU ADMIT YOU'RE
LICKED, SHAUGNESSY?

YES! UTTERLY AND
ABSOLUTELY! I'VE
HAD FORTY MEN ON
IT FOR DAYS.

THE TRAIL ENDS AT THAT OFFICE
BUILDING! ALL THREE OF THEM WENT
IN--AND NEVER CAME OUT! WE'VE
CHECKED EVERY ANGLE! WE'VE
SEARCHED! THEY MUST HAVE GONE
THROUGH THE ROOF AND FLEW AWAY!

NONSENSE!
PEOPLE DON'T
JUST VANISH
INTO THIN
AIR!

THOSE
THREE
DID!

I KNOW! I'LL GIVE THE CASE TO OLD
KENT! HE'S UP FOR RETIREMENT
ANYWAY! THIS WON'T HURT HIS RECORD!
AND IT WILL KEEP HIM BUSY!

**SO NUMBER FOUR—
INSPECTOR JOHN
KENT COMES INTO
THE PICTURE...**

MIGHT AS WELL
LOOK THE PLACE
OVER AGAIN, I
SUPPOSE! NOT
THAT I'LL FIND
ANYTHING NEW!

**AND STARTS THE DREARY
ROUTINE ALL OVER AGAIN...**

NO, INSPECTOR! I WASN'T
HERE THAT NIGHT. JUST
THE NIGHT MAN!
AND HE DIDN'T SEE
ANYTHING!

YES, I KNOW!
BUT THOSE THREE
PEOPLE **DID** COME
INTO THIS
BUILDING!

LATER, THE INSPECTOR TALKS TO THE NIGHT MAN...

I TELL YOU, SIR, NOBODY CAME INTO THE BUILDING! I WAS THERE ALL NIGHT! DIDN'T SEE A SOUL!

HMMM—VERY STRANGE! WE'VE GOT WITNESSES THAT SWORE DIFFERENTLY!

AND ONCE MORE THE BUILDING IS SEARCHED FROM TOP TO BOTTOM...

NOTHING, SIR! JUST OLD LUMBER AND STUFF!

OKAY! MIGHT AS WELL QUIT! THERE JUST AREN'T ANY BODIES TO BE FOUND!



THAT NIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS...

I KNOW NOW WHY THEY GAVE ME THIS CASE! IT'S UNSOLVABLE! THOSE PEOPLE DID VANISH INTO THIN AIR!



HMM—WHO CAN THAT BE? MOST OF THE BOYS HAVE LEFT BY NOW!

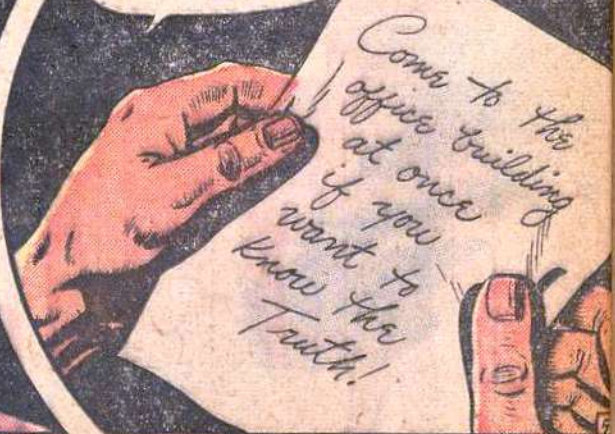
COME IN!



I SAID COME... HEY, NOBODY HERE! JUST A NOTE...



HUH! THIS CAN ONLY MEAN ONE BUILDING—UNLESS SOME OF THE BOYS ARE HAVING A LITTLE JOKE!



**MINUTES
LATER...**

GAG OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW
UP THIS LEAD! MAYBE THE NIGHT
MAN KNOWS SOMETHING
AFTER ALL.

HMM— THAT'S FUNNY! I
MUST BE GETTING OLD.
I WOULD HAVE SWORN
THERE WERE ONLY **FOUR**
ELEVATORS, IN THIS
BUILDING!



THEY ARE
WAITING FOR
YOU, SIR.
UPSTAIRS!

THEY! WHO
ARE THEY?



THE PERSON WHO SENT
YOU THE NOTE, SIR. SOON
YOU'LL KNOW EVERYTHING!



SAY, YOU'RE NOT
THE REGULAR
NIGHT MAN! WHO
ARE YOU?

SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS ALL THE
ANSWERS, SIR.
YOU'LL SEE SOON
ENOUGH!



SO YOU
KNOW
ALL THE
ANSWERS!

YES! I KNOW
EVERYTHING, SIR!
AND YOU WILL,
TOO, BEFORE
LONG! **LOOK
DOWN!**





THE INSPECTOR LOOKS AND A THRILL OF HORROR TEARS AT HIS HEART...

HUH! WHAT! I—I MUST BE GOING CRAZY! WE'RE FLYING! B-BUT...

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YES—IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO KNOW!



YOU SEE! YOU ARE ON THE **FIFTH** ELEVATOR, INSPECTOR! WITH ME!

S—SO I WAS RIGHT! THERE ARE ONLY FOUR ELEVATORS!

ONLY FOUR CARS FOR THE LIVING, DEAR SIR! BUT THOSE WHO ARE SUMMONED ALWAYS ENTER THE **FIFTH** CAR! ONLY THEY CAN SEE IT! AND NOW...

N—NO!



YES!



EEEEEEEEEEEE!

HAH—HAH—HAH—HAH—HAH—

TAKE HEED! NEVER—NEVER ENTER THE **FIFTH** CAR...

FIT TO DIE!

PEALS OF MANIACAL MIRTH RANG THROUGH THE BROODING GRAVEYARD! EVEN THE ROTTING BONES SEEMED TO STIR IN FRENZY AT THE SPECTACLE OF THE CORPSE THAT LAUGHED!



TWO MEN AT WORK IN A DESOLATE GRAVEYARD! SUDDENLY...

HERE HE COMES AGAIN! RIGHT ON TIME EVERY YEAR! YOU'LL SEE SOMETHING NOW THAT WILL CHILL YOUR BLOOD!

HUH! CHILL MY BLOOD? HOW?



HELLO, POP! BACK AGAIN! EH?

GOOD DAY! YES, MY ANNUAL VISIT!





NOW WE GO BACK IN TIME TO 1928. A HAPPY BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVE THE CHURCH, READY FOR A HONEYMOON. THEY ARE MR. AND MRS. WILLARD MOORE! MARK THAT NAME WELL...



GOODBYE!
GOOD LUCK!

BLESS
YOU!

THANKS!
SEE YOU
WHEN WE
GET BACK!

LATER THAT DAY...

YOU HAVE RESERVATIONS
FOR MR. AND MRS. MOORE?

CERTAINLY, SIR! ALWAYS
GLAD TO SEE HONEY-
MOONERS!



SUDDENLY...

WILLARD! DARLING,
WHAT'S WRONG?

UGH—I—I
FEEL SICK!
OHH—

HUH!



OH! PLEASE
DO SOMETHING!
HE L-LOOKS
LIKE HE'S
D-DEAD!

I'LL DO
WHAT I
CAN, MA'M!



LOOK! A NOTE
PINNED TO HIS
COAT!



YOUR HUSBAND
IS **NOT** DEAD!
HE'S A CATALEPTIC!

A CATALEPTIC!
I—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



LATER,
IN A
HOTEL
ROOM,
MARGE
WILLARD
LEARNS
THE
SHOCKING
TRUTH
ABOUT
HER NEW
HUSBAND...



IT'S TRUE, DEAR! I AM
A CATALEPTIC! I—I
DIDN'T WANT TO TELL
YOU!

TELL ME
ABOUT IT,
WILLARD!

IT'S A DISEASE, MARGE! I
HAVE SPELLS THAT MAKE ME
SEEM DEAD! THAT'S WHY I
CARRY A NOTE— SO I WON'T
BE BURIED BY MISTAKE!

D—DEAD!



I MUST NEVER BE WITHOUT THAT
NOTE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE MIGHT
HAPPEN TO ME!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED TO ME!



TIME PASSES...

THERE YOU ARE, MARGE!
OUR NEW HOME! LIKE IT?

WHAT?
VERY
NICE!



MORE TIME PASSES! MARGE MEETS
A YOUNGER MAN — DEAN TALCOTT...

I CAN'T STAND WILLARD ANY
LONGER, DARLING! IF YOU LOVE
ME, YOU'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

NOT
YET,
MARGE!



WE'LL BIDE
OUR TIME, MY LOVE!
NO HURRY! WITH THAT
DISEASE HE MAY DIE
ANY MINUTE!

IF I MUST—
I MUST!
BUT I
HATE HIM!



MORE AND MORE WEEKS PASS AND MARGE GROWS TO HATE THE SIGHT OF HER HUSBAND! THEN, AT A RESORT IN NORTHERN CANADA..



PEACEFUL HERE, ISN'T IT, DARLING? IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM BUSINESS FOR A TIME!

TOO PEACEFUL! I'M GOING MAD! IF HE WOULD ONLY DIE!

SUDDENLY...

MARGE! I - ANOTHER LIGHT -

A CATALEPTIC FIT!

HIS NOTE! TELLING THAT HE IS A CATALEPTIC! I WONDER - I'LL NEVER HAVE THIS CHANCE AGAIN!

I'LL DO IT! HE LOOKS DEAD! ACTS DEAD! HE CAN BE DEAD! THERE - THE NOTE'S GONE!



A DESOLATE SPOT - ONE AGED DOCTOR, NOT TOO SOBER! MARGE GETS AWAY WITH IT! AND THE VERY NEXT DAY...

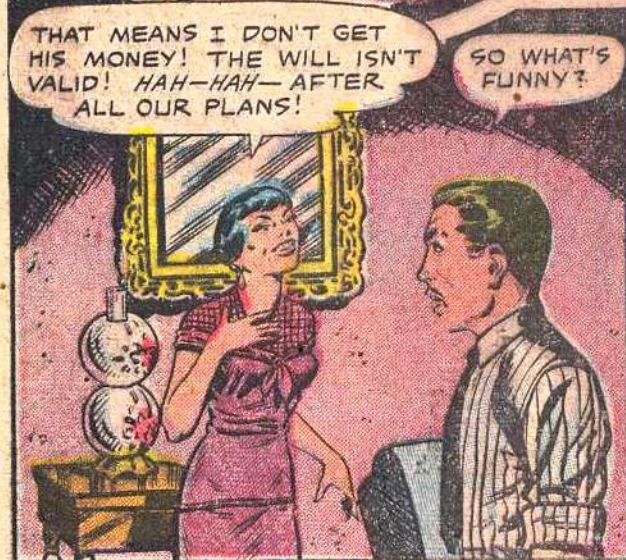
KEEP THE ACT UP, BABY! THEY'RE WATCHING US! HOPE THEY AREN'T SUSPICIOUS BECAUSE WE BURIED HIM SO SOON!

LATER...

P - PLEASE SEND SOMEONE AT ONCE! MY H - HUSBAND IS DEAD! I - I'M ALL ALONE HERE!



I FEEL FREE AT LAST! SO FREE!



IN THE SHADOWS OF
A LONELY GRAVEYARD...

GOOD! THE DIRT'S LOOSE AS
SAND! THERE'S A CHANCE HE'S
STILL ALIVE!

I—I'M
FRIGHTENED, DEAN!
I DON'T WANT TO SEE
HIM!



OHH—

THERE IT IS! HOLD
THE LIGHT WHILE I
GET HIM OUT!



AND
THEN...

DEAN!
LOOK!
HIS
H-HAND!

HE'S
ALIVE
ALL
RIGHT!



HURRY, YOU LITTLE FOOL! GET
THE WILL AND THE PEN READY!
HE MIGHT DIE ANY MINUTE!



C-CAN'T YOU HURRY?
I WANT TO GET OUT
OF THIS HORRIBLE
PLACE!

ANOTHER
MINUTE! AS
SOON AS
HE SIGNS
HIS WILL!



SIGN, YOU OLD FOOL!
HAH-HAH! THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME A MAN EVER
SIGNED A WILL AFTER
HE WAS DEAD!





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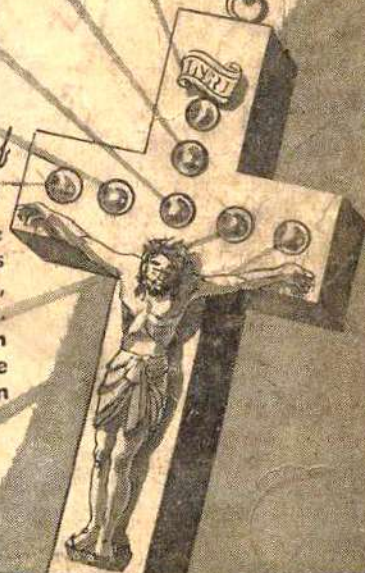
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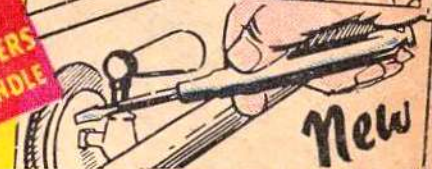
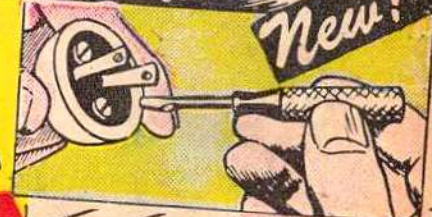
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